THE NEW UNITY

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The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

To unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Contents

EDITORIAL. Page.

Notes: The Work of the Western Unitarian Conference 49

The Court's Decision 50

Editorial Correspondence 51

OLD AND NEW 51

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.

Spring (*verse*); The Principles of Emerson's Thought Most Helpful to Us, by MRS. A. C. JENNINGS 52

Faustina, by W. A. CRAM 53

An Open Letter, by REV. W. S. CROWE, DD. 54

THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT.

Reason and Young Men, by REV. REED STUART 55

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living [C. A. Bartol]; The Place for a Boy (*verse*); The Story of a Squirrel; What the Mule Said; A Boy Again 57

THE LIBERAL FIELD 58

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL 60

THE STUDY CLUB 60

CORRESPONDENCE 61

THE STUDY TABLE 63

Editorial

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"

—Lowell.

THE UNIVERSALIST of Chicago declines to admit to its columns any criticisms of cases of ecclesiastical discipline; therefore Mr. Crowe's open letter to the Universalist Convention is published this week in THE NEW UNITY, which believes in allowing even cases of ecclesiastical discipline to be criticised.

IT IS not often that a newspaper in America or elsewhere has the opportunity of celebrating its centennial anniversary, but the *Lancaster Daily Intelligencer* of Lancaster, Pa., in right of lineal succession from the Lancaster *Journal*, founded in June, 1794, celebrates its hundred years of life by an edition of forty pages, full of matters of local historical interest. We salute our venerable contemporary with sincere wishes for another hundred years of honorable service to the community.

ONE of our Chicago contemporaries laments and denounces the custom of some of its missionaries on the frontier, who are using passenger trains and even freight trains to get from place to place on Sunday in order to preach their gospel more widely. But if this world would be better without Sunday trains, and if the religion of our orthodox missionaries would free us from Sunday trains, then surely the missionaries ought to use all the Sunday trains they can to spread that religion and so stop the travel on that day. The Sunday trains would then help to destroy themselves.

WE learn from a newspaper that the Japanese religion demands that a man must worship "on the ground" every day as his ancestors used to do when they lived on the ground all the time; consequently, the fine houses and noble palaces of Japan have a little dirt spread in the corner of a room, and the poor deluded Japanese think they are keeping up the religion of their fathers by sticking to the dirt of the old religion. But the Japanese are not the only people that think they must stick to the dirt of their fathers' religion; and it often happens that the more they stick to the dirt of the old religion, the more they reject the flowers and fruit that have grown out of that dirt.

Two hundred thousand men are on a strike in England and two hundred thousand more are expected to strike, the newspapers tell us. And they are striking simply because American machinery has been imported to do the work they formerly did by their own hands in making boots and shoes. Something must be wrong when men oppose the very machinery that relieves them from their labors. Something surely is wrong if machinery makes men either into machines or into paupers. Here is a problem for our social science and our religion to grapple.

OUR Congregational contemporary, *The Advance*, recently suggested in its editorial column that the noble ideal described in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and the noble life described in the Gospels, might have been evolved by the same great process of natural growth, without assuming that the Old Testament poet had any conscious anticipation of the New Testament life. This is a conception that points in the right way and will lead men out into the clearer light of evolution. We are glad to see it adopted, and trust that it shows the handiwork of the new editorial management of *The Advance*. To be sure the next number of *The Advance* had an emphatic rejection of this view by Professor Curtiss of the Chicago Congregational Theological School. But this does not signify greatly, for of course the old professors will have to die in the old way, while only the new men will see the new light.

The Work of the Western Unitarian Conference.

There are three ways in which the Western Unitarian Conference is at present doing an indispensable work for liberal religion in the central west.

In the first place, it is helping the Liberal Congress to spread our free gospel among a wider circle than our conference could reach by itself. Through the congress it can co-operate with liberal Jews, liberal Universalists, and liberal Orthodox even, as well as Independents, and thus reach many more places and persons than ever before. Thus it does more of its own work than in the past by supplying more ministers with churches and more churches with ministers or liberal speakers. At the same time it is indispensable to the Liberal Congress. It is the only constituent part of this organization that has a body of churches trained to

missionary work, a secretary in the field, and headquarters at Chicago.

It has indeed been asked why the liberals in the West should continue to maintain the Western Conference as well as the Liberal Congress. Such persons forget that the distinct and avowed object of the congress was "to unite in a larger co-operation such existing societies as are in sympathy with the new movement toward undogmatic religion." The congress came not to destroy but to fulfil, not to make a new sect but to enable the existing liberal organizations of every sect to co-operate without change of name or affiliation. For any organization or church to drop its own name or affiliation, unless compelled to do so by its own denomination, would harm rather than help the interest of the congress, by giving it the appearance of an exclusive sect and not a union of all in every sect who believe in unsectarian religion. As long as the Western Conference continues its work under its own name it effectually refutes the charge that the congress is a sect by showing that it is actually inter-denominational.

The second way in which the Western Conference is performing a still more indispensable service is by looking after the welfare of the fifty or more Unitarian and other independent churches of the west that have been connected with it during the past four years. Some organization is absolutely necessary in order that there may be at least one minister free to go to the churches that are without pastors and often without courage or hope. The right man can reinspire such churches by occupying the vacant pulpit on Sunday or by arranging a mid-week meeting of liberal speakers and by securing suitable candidates for such societies. This missionary work among our churches will be more needful the coming year than ever before, because the American Unitarian Association intends largely to discontinue the subsidies hitherto sent to so many churches in the west. This change of policy will ultimately be a good thing for the churches, but it will be rather disastrous at first, since about half of the existing Unitarian churches of the west are thus helped financially.

A third service the conference renders is the planning and holding of our annual meetings. If any enthusiasm is to be kindled among our churches it must be done by some such meetings, and these meetings must be near enough to be accessible to all and must come at least every year. Consequently neither the National Conference nor the American Unitarian Association, however helpful, can do this service for our western churches. It can be done effectually only by local organizations.

Therefore if the Unitarian phase of liberal religion, the clearest and most consistent of all the religious movements of the world thus far, is to continue and flourish in the central west, the Western Conference must be maintained in all possible efficiency. To discontinue it or to cripple it by refusing contributions to its support, would mean death to the distinctively Unitarian movement. The partial withdrawal of such support during the past few years is no doubt largely responsible for the fact that one third of our churches exist only in name and another third only by the help of eastern money. But if we can all unite and, forgetting the things that are behind, reach forward unto the things that are before, we have a most glorious opportunity to help the union of all liberals, to help the life of all our churches, and to spread the liberal faith that is so dear to us all. Shall we not all join in a full and inspiring conference the coming May?

A. W. G.

The Court's Decision.

As was to be expected, the Supreme Court of this state has declared the act passed by the last general assembly, providing certain safeguards against abuse in the employment of women, to be unconstitutional. As our constitution now reads or rather in view of the political and economic principles upon which it and all similar instruments rest, no other decision could probably have been looked for, though in Massachusetts a law identical in purpose, if not in tenor, with the statute in controversy has been upheld by the highest tribunal of the glorious commonwealth. Our judiciary has with few exceptions clung to the old conceptions of the functions of organized society, called the state, and thrown the weight of its authority in favor of them. The sacredness of the right of contract and the benevolence of unrestricted competition have been the heavy cudgels wherewith to brain out of existence every law looking to the protection of the weak against aggression by the mighty.

In saying this, we are far from imputing to the honored wearers of the ermine the consciousness even of this purpose, let alone a partiality in this direction. According to the philosophy of the school whose fundamental convictions are basic to our constitution, in the dealings of man with man, under normal conditions, there can be no issue between strength on the one hand and weakness on the other. Men are in this philosophy said to be always equal in their economic relations. Upon this posited equality rests freedom of contract which the state must guarantee and protect but shall not limit or abrogate. Government is restricted to the part of the umpire, who must see to it that fair play be had—and that only when appealed to by one of the parties to the controversy. To forestall disputes is not its duty. Nor is it within its province to interfere of its own free volition as long as the rights of third parties are not endangered or one of the two contestants has not invoked its decision. In other words, according to this theory, the government is the general guarantor of *rights*. With *duties*, it has but small concern. It wields largely if not exclusively a negative influence.

When this view of the functions of the state was originally formulated there was good reason for the strenuous emphasis on *non-action*, as far as possible, and on *rights* and *freedom*. As a protest against eighteenth century autocracy and despotism and centralization, it sounded a blessed advance and redemption. But the course of development since run by society has made equally patent that this protest is not final and its position not absolute. A philosophy of rights is exceedingly barren. It is in fact the canonization of selfishness. Rights are pillared on duties. These are the conditions which legitimize the former. It is this which our age is beginning to feel. It would have government, as the expression of the will and the exponent of the common consciousness, and conscience even, of society, act the part of exactor of duties much more emphatically than that of protector of rights.

Nor is the equality predicated by the old school as the presumption of its conclusions, more than an assumption, to which no reality corresponds. Were the parties to industrial or economic arrangements in very fact equals, the insistence on perfect freedom of contract might be allowed as ethically unobjectionable. But is this equality real? Are the rich capitalist and the individual laborer on terms of equality? In theory both are free to accept or to reject the terms of the proposed agreement. In practice, things look different. The laborer generally is confronted with the alternative either to accept or to starve. Starvation is always an ally of the employer. His is the advantage.

Are women, now, and the employers of their labor in factories, on a level of equality? If men and their employers are not, women are still less so. John Stuart Mill has somewhere remarked that it is an old trick of persecutors to urge the results of persecution in favor and as a plea for its continuation. This dictum may well be varied to read—and in this new form the thought is as true—that unlimited competition urges its own fatal results as a plea for its continuation. It is said that humanity has no place in economics. Why? Because our economics have crowded out humanity. We have, indeed, created a condition of things under which woman must enter the competitive struggle as readily as man. Her appearance has not conduced to better the economic circumstances of her sex or her class. She has depressed prices and wages, and forced her husband and brother and son to accept terms based on her competitive underbidding. Let be said what may about the economic emancipation of woman and her equality to man, that society is not perfectly organized in which woman is forced to be a breadwinner and a competitor for the crumbs falling from the table of capitalistic industrial egotism. Woman's true social function and service lies on a higher plane.

It matters now not whether the women in the case at hand desired the protection which the law devised or objected to its restrictions. The argument that as neighboring states did not interfere, the industries in which women are mainly and exclusively employed would be forced to locate else-

where in order not to be under disadvantage is at first blush very striking. Upon closer inspection, it falls to the ground. Experience teaches that during eight hours, as the wear and tear upon the mental and physical energies of the worker is correspondingly smaller, as much is done as during ten hours. The productivity of labor under the eight-hour system is *quantitatively no less and qualitatively always greater* than under the ten or twelve hour plan. From the economic viewpoint of even competition, the law as it stood before the decision of the court was not a disadvantage.

Before the forum of ethics and humanity, there were strong grounds for this and similar legislative enactments. It cannot be repeated too often, that no one is the absolute owner of himself. No one has the right to so use himself, even if he wishes, as to injure himself. For every injury to self is a loss to society. Society has the right and duty to protect itself. The instrument of this social self protection against individual freedom to injure, through injury to individual self, society, is the state. Upon the health of woman depends the happiness and strength of unborn generations. Woman's nervous organization is more delicate than man's. Woman rights' advocates cannot undo nature's laws and methods. Yea, the problem of assuring to society the health of its womanhood, in its ramifications, is basic to all social reform. Temperance, crime, vice and the like are involved in it. Shall then the state not have the duty to interfere that this precious possession be not endangered?

Freedom of contract and benevolence of competition are, after all, fetiches, that have no place in the Temple of true Humanity. If they have in our constitution, it is high time to amend it. Law and justice are not always identical. In this case, they have not been. E. G. H.

Editorial Correspondence.

The Golden Gate has at last been reached by the managing editor, but his heart is back in Chicago, where the duties that gather round THE NEW UNITY call to him. It is useless to try to write of the scenery or still the emotions awakened by the same; but to accomplish the journey from Chicago to the coast in four and one half days, much of the route over the very trail over which, within the memory of man, the Santa Fe caravans labored for four months to accomplish the same result, does awaken emotion and does suggest thoughts. Even the desert has been robbed of its terror and, in the mind of the thoughtful traveler at least, blooms as the rose. To enter California through the southern gate, to land as "ye editor" did at Pasadena, and to fall as he did, first thing, into the cordial arms of dear friends, is to touch California at the apex of the pyramid; anything else would be in the nature of an anti-climax. But even then California physically sustains itself, although thus far it has failed to grant the balmy sunshine that the overtaxed body longed for after the heavy strain of the Chicago winter. But all the inhabitants say the beautiful weather *was* before I came, and they promise its return *before* I leave. I arrived here a week ago today; I leave for Los Angeles a week from today; I am now well into the rest program of some twenty-seven or more engagements in about seventeen days. The readers of THE NEW UNITY will be more interested in my touch with the psychical than with the physical California. My first public word was spoken in Throop Chapel at Pasadena. This belongs to the noble polytechnic institution founded by Father Throop of blessed memory. It is Chicago nobility and Chicago memory blooming into splendid spiritual potency in this garden spot of California. In many respects this institute has a broader foundation than any of the many noble schools founded in the interest of the new education. The Pratt, the Drexel, and the Armour institutes have furnished models for this new school to improve upon. Our old friend, President Keyes, well known to the teaching fraternity of Wisconsin, a practical educator of long experience, has studied all the models of the country and is here to profit by their mistakes as well as their successes. It is unique in its purpose to unite in one institution the classic and the technical education, keeping one to help the other all the way through. Mr. Throop came to the coast a devoted Universalist. He began to plan for a *denominational* school in California, but it was a fortunate breeze from the Pacific that obliterated the lines and blew away the labels and led him at last to found this *non-sectarian* school, pledged forever to the open and the progressive word. He entrusts the management to a representative board of trustees, self-perpetuating, the only provision being that a majority shall never be representative of any one religious organization.

Here on Thursday night, March 7th, I lectured on "George Eliot." Next day the mysteries of the mountain railway, the glories of Mount Lowe, the lore of its observatory, and the quick passage from the snow line to the semi-tropic glories of Los Angeles passed into the book of experience, together with the happy hand-grasping of many old and new friends, all in one day. At 7 o'clock in the evening I was off for San Francisco, where, after a day's ride through the great wheat farms of the San Joaquin valley, I arrived in time for supper on Saturday. On Sunday morning, March 10th, it was a great privilege to stand in the church consecrated to the memory of Starr King by the long service of Dr. Stebbins. In the evening I preached for Mr. Sprague to a crowded house. At this, the younger Unitarian church, over which Mr. Sprague presides, what they called a reception was given on Monday evening. My coming to the coast served the good purpose of bringing together in fraternal heartiness the seven or eight Unitarian ministers in the neighborhood, Rabbi Voorsanger, the Dr. Hirsch of the coast, and a house full of friends.

Bright things were said, happy greeting exchanged. On Tuesday the "University Extension Course" was opened at the Second Church by the lecture on "Marcella." Wednesday we went fifty miles up into the beautiful Santa Rosa Valley to visit Altruria, the latest attempt, and consequently the wisest attempt, to usher in the kingdom of disinterestedness by means of co-operation. This young colony of forty or fifty souls has planted its venture in a garden spot beautiful and fertile. The president of the band is E. B. Payne, pastor of the Unitarian church at Berkeley, known and beloved by many of our readers from one shore to another. Whatever the result may be, it is a hopeful thing to record that the Unitarian church at Berkeley has courage and liberality enough to cheerfully lend its pastor to this practical experiment for two or three day each week. Many of the members may not, doubtless do not, expect a triumph; but they are all willing to let their minister try. They believe in his integrity, though they may doubt his wisdom. This very act shows how far they have entered the Altruria that is outside of all colonies but within the great colony of God, the lovers of truth and the seekers for light.

At noon today the dexterity of Mrs. Wilkes, assistant pastor of the Oakland church, gathered together on twenty-four hours notice, in the Starr King Fraternity room of Mr. Wendel's church, a company of fifty friends, many of them school teachers taking advantage of the noon hour, to listen to a study from Browning on "The Uncalculating Soul" by the lecturer. Last night it was the "Peasant Painter Millet" at the Golden Gate Hall. Tonight it will be "George Eliot" in the Second Church.

This is as far as we have got. I send these hurried notes simply for love's sake and as an indication of the things of which there is more to be said farther along. THE NEW UNITY has just reached us. As anticipated, there are some things to regret, all of which we shall try to correct. I hope to reach home by the 31st. Then, as now and always, I shall strive to improve and to extend the influence of THE NEW UNITY. Will you all help? The work must be carried on from both ends of the line.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

San Francisco, Cal., Thursday, March 14, 1895.

Old and New.

Star Dust Revealed by a Sunbeam.

THE Pittsburg coal men say they are not afraid of the long-distance transmission of electricity generated by water power, as they can send a ton of coal by water a thousand miles at a cost of 25 cents.

ELECTRIC heat has been applied with success to the thawing out of frozen water pipes in England. A wire is run into the pipe until it meets the obstruction and then the current is turned on.

THE sky is whiter over the cultivated than over the uncultivated portions of the earth's surface because a great deal of coarse dust is present in the atmosphere in the former instance, with the result that a larger proportion of white light is diffused.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Spring.

Sweet Spring, instinct with teeming life,
Renaissance of the year,
With bursting leaves, unfolding buds,
And balmy breath, draws near!

The crocus and the daffodil
Beneath the snow-bound earth
Awaited patiently and long
The advent of their birth.

They lift on high their flower-crowned heads,
Fair leaders of the train—
The proud procession of the flowers
That through the seasons reign.

We follow Flora's gentle step
In the deep woodland set,
Where creeps the lovely arbutus,
Where hides the violet.

The folded petals of the rose,
The pink and lily fair,
Awaiting their perfected hour,
Hold perfumes sweet and rare.

A gospel we may trace in flowers
By lessons ever new;
Where'er they gem the broad-spread land,
Divinity shines through.

All Nature is instinct with life,
God's spirit flames through sense;
And the bright blossoms everywhere
Reveal Omnipotence.

—*Anna Gardner.*

The Principles of Emerson's Thought Most Helpful to Us.

READ BEFORE THE EMERSON CLASS OF TOLEDO BY MRS. A. G. JENNINGS.

To one group of authors only does American Literary History accord the name of school, and that is to the Concord writers, comprising such names as A. Bronson Alcott, Henry D. Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, and others. These iconoclasts in the field of literature were followers (in direct line) of the Lake School of Poets, with Wordsworth and Coleridge at their head. They aimed principally at more direct communion with nature, non-conformity in literary forms, less stereotyped opinions regarding life and destiny, the soul and God, than men had hitherto agreed to express.

Amid this galaxy of famous men and women I need not say that Ralph Waldo Emerson was the shining star. He was a transcendentalist, although he never joined his friends at Brook Farm in the experiment of communistic living. He was not a politician or reformer, in the accepted sense of the word; and although in sympathy with the abolition of slavery, he did not coincide with the measure and means adopted by its leaders. At no time was he a reform organizer. These special and partial movements, such as temperance, woman suffrage and the like, he felt did not eradicate the evils they endeavored to suppress, but only medicated the disease. The root was deeper. The cause was in the soul. To purify thought and emancipate the souls of men was Emerson's mission, and in order to be untrammeled and free to pursue his life-work he swore by no vows and rallied to no partial or local call. But, leaving the centers of these activities, the crowded halls, the court and street—

"He stretched himself beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines.
He laughed at the love and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan,—
For what were they all, in their proud conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet."

Emerson was singularly pure in character—an exemplification of the divine principles he inculcated. Others might differ from him in mode of thought or point of doctrine, they might criticize his methods, they could not deny the beautiful serenity of his life or the beneficent influence of his presence over the humblest being who came within the radius of his personality. Even as a child he is described as "so angelic and remarkable." In later life, "a perfect sunbeam in the house," writes Frederika Bremer. Father Taylor, the eminent Methodist divine, thought he was the most like Jesus Christ of any man he ever met.

I think this is a not unimportant fact to consider. It is a comparatively easy thing to cherish a noble thought, to express a sane belief, but the real value of thought and belief is not the tangible one which finds objective expression, but the intangible one which moulds itself into life and bears the fruits of the spirit. We have many expositors of truth, professors of religion not a few, but how rare are noble lives and Christian characters. So we can place confidence in Emerson's thought. We can not err in thus doing, if life be sweeter, if hope be surer and faith diviner for his influence.

Emerson first of all was sincere. He was true to himself and to the divine voice within his own soul. It was no easy task for him at the outset in his career, to break loose from the ancestral fate, to sever his connection with a loving congregation, to disappoint his friends and kindred, in order to free himself from what, in his soul of souls, he considered the thralldom of the spirit. There is a time in the childhood of thought and experience, when we may need many accessories as helps for worship; paraphernalia, wide phylacteries on the garments, mint, anise and cumin. As we increase in spiritual stature, as the inner man is cultivated, as life deepens and experience broadens, we lay much less emphasis upon outward observances,—on signs and symbols. "Fear God," says Emerson, "and where you go, men shall think they walk in hallowed cathedrals." As soon as the man is right, assurances and previsions emanate from the interior of his body and his mind, as, when flowers reach their ripeness incense exhales from them, and as a beautiful atmosphere is generated from the planet by the averaged emanations from all its rocks and soils. "When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn." This was Emerson's attitude. He might have been too exacting with himself; overconscientious concerning his duty and mission, but the result, the benefit and blessing he conferred upon mankind at this rugged crisis in his career, cannot, I think, be overestimated or gainsaid.

I have said that Emerson was sincere,—the basic element in character. He was original; he was unique; he was individual; he was himself; and here arises an important distinction between egotism, or love of self, and self-hood, or self-culture. The charge of individuality has often been laid at Emerson's door,—preference for self, egotism, eccentricity, crankism; yet none but the superficial reader will so interpret his meaning. Being one's self, according to the Emersonian philosophy, is conformity and obedience to the mandates of the higher, diviner self within every human being. It is not individual preferment or personal exaltation, but loyalty and submission to the over-soul—the divine within each and every one. "Every personal consideration," says Emerson, "costs us a heavenly state." We are immoral when we consider self alone. In Mrs. Ward's "Marcella," the key note of the book,—although it seemed to me to strike a *low* note,—arrested my attention, and I digress a moment to compare it with Emerson's idea in this connection. "The tragedy of life," she says, "consists in the conflict between the creative will of man and the hidden wisdom of the ages which seems to thwart it; not the hidden fate or the hidden evil, but the hidden wisdom."

Now, with Emerson, the creative will of man is the highest manifestation of the Creator of which we are cognizant; it is not in conflict with the hidden wisdom of the world, but in harmony with it, if conserving the highest interests of humanity. If selfishly appropriated or wilfully misinterpreted, the discrepancy appears. Each individual is a differing tendency, a unit differing from every other, as the leaves of the trees, the faces of friends, or the drops of water in the ocean. The sources whence these tendencies arise may vary, but the course is altruistic, ultimately reaching a confluence of many streams and tendencies in the great ocean of truth,—the over-soul, which absolves them all. So when Emerson pleads for individuality or self-reliance or originality, this is ever his supreme idea. You are to exercise your particular bent, genius or talent, for the good of all, never for yourself exclusively. This is a constant emphasis. Through this service for others, we are broadening our knowledge, sympathy and experience; and thereby we gain brighter hopes, and acquire increasing wisdom, which enables us to see more clearly into the causes; into the laws operating above and below. Our minds partake more and more of infinitude, and limitations slowly vanish. We see the justice of all things, even of evil. We realize that things could not be otherwise than they are; that

"Whatever is, is right."

We acknowledge the compensating side of life; we see the discipline through failure, as a reaction upon the soul; even the knowledge of evil which is acquired is disciplinary. It is all purification, refinement and growth. When we understand the law, we cease to despond, and why? Because we see the utter uselessness of despair. We see that it enervates force and destroys power. Two things, said some one, I never worry about: what I *can* help and what I *can't* help. We have all our power to do what we *can* help, if we leave the other to the eternal wisdom who guides the affairs of men. We need not haste to manage the universe, our own orbit is our only task. This is one of the hardest things to cultivate in life.

This assurance, this optimism that

"God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world,—"

that there is but one author of life, who is the father of good and of what we call evil, which is undeveloped good, good in the making,—is Emerson's thought. Men will be scourged by what we call evil and wrong doing, until they develop wisdom, through experience, to rightly govern and direct their actions, and until they arrive at a self-consciousness of their divine inheritance as saviors of men and sons of God. This Emerson teaches us—this divine wisdom-religion which pulsates and throbs through every nerve and fiber of his being, and breathes through every utterance of his thought—this optimism, this hope, this seeking for good, this appealing to the good in others and ourselves, this development of good in all. "I never demoralize any one," said the

noble mother of Gœthe. "I see the good there is in people, and leave the bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angels."

This suggestion of Emerson's relation to ancient thought and wisdom-religion, affords me an opportunity to say a word here of his attitude towards Orientalism, from which he has imbibed deeply, becoming somewhat impregnated with its turbid waters. Emerson was of no sect or school or society or association. He was cosmopolitan. He was the world's child, glorifying America, by being a product of her soil, but bearing roots deep within the bosom of the universe. No one can claim him; as well claim the air or sunlight as to enclose the spirit of Emerson in any chains of dogmatism. We perceive manifestations of truth in various ways, but first, as Browning says:

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, what e'er you may believe.
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth,
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it, and makes all error; and, to know,
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

The unfoldment of truth is developed and finds expression through external means, it is educed and often acquired in some definite way, through some special religious service, or in some sect or school. So when we perceive truth in others, we often think that in some way they have stolen the light from us. Emerson drank deep draughts from the scriptures of various nations: from the Brahmin, the Buddhist, the Zoroastrian, the Chinese, the Persian, the Christian religions. He was in harmony with the essence of them all. But he adopted none of their statements, nor their limitations, nor their skepticism. He was content to sip the nectar, and let the vessel go which contained it. He was satisfied to marvel at mysticism, to wonder at occultism, but in no sense was he engrossed by these things. He was not disposed to quarrel with any conflicting opinions.

He could not argue; he never accepted any challenge of words and was powerless when such challenge was imposed upon him. "Let others wrangle, I will wonder," were his words. Of other-worldliness, of curiosity in regard to future states and conditions, he suffered these questions to remain, as far as he was concerned, in the impenetrable veil which hides all mysteries. "We must pick no locks," he says. "Don't waste time in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties is the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it." "Forego all low curiosity, work and live, work and live and all unawares the soul has forged for itself new conditions, and the question and answer are one." In *Nature* he writes: "We cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that it is divine. I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities which house today in this mortal frame shall ever reassemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before had a natural history like that of this body you see before you. But this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with any sickness, nor buried in any grave, but that they circulate through the universe. Before the world was they were."

To Emerson eternity was NOW. The other world was ever present. The subjective, the heavenly life was his. He could not be surprised by any future.

Emerson was an idealist without adopting the formulas of that school; a transcendentalist without their extravagancies and eccentricities; an orientalist without mysticism; a Christian without the creed imposed by the fathers. His emphasis, as that of all religions in their essence, was first soul, second soul, evermore soul. "A whole popedom of forms one pulsation of virtue will uplift and vivify." Of Calvinism, he could say, a little of it is good for the digestion; of the dear old devil, he was not far off even from Boston; and hell, too, had its supreme satisfactions. He could sympathize with all religions in their purity; he was conversant with their causes, their growth and the signs of their decay. Yet he was a member of no church; a subscriber to no creed. He was content to feel that he was a child of God and to live the God-like life. His views of immortality reveal the deepest trust, yet it was conditioned upon character.

"Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving." He who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now. "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. Whatever it be which the great providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason." Emerson felt the eternal ever present. He felt his immortality. "Jesus," he says, "never taught the immortality of the soul as a doctrine, he never dogmatized, but his *presence* took people out of time, and they felt eternal." "A great integrity makes us immortal; an admiration, a deep love, a strong will arms us above fear and dispels the illusions of time." A great thought makes us feel our kinship with immortals. *It* annihilates time and space. Plato and Socrates are seen to live and breathe again in their thoughts, and the bridge is spanned which divides the centuries. Again, love makes us eternal. "The love," he says, "that will be annihilated sooner than be treacherous, has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being."

"Whatever is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

Love, truth, wisdom, are the eternal sunbeams upon which the foundations of the earth are laid. These are the imperishables. As we attain these, we realize immortality. Yes, eternity is *now*, a constant emphasis of Emerson. How he magnifies the importance of the day, the present hour, in sentences which will never die! "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." "The day is ever his who works with serenity and great aims." What is the "perennial miracle"? To see the miraculous in the common things of life. "I ask not the great or remote," he writes; "I embrace the common."

"But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings."

Tennyson echoes the same lesson in "Flower in the Crannied Wall,"—

"Little flower,—if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

While Mrs. Ward prefaces "Marcella" with the same idea:

"If nature put not forth her power
About the opening of a flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?"

"God is one and omnipresent. Here or nowhere is the only fact—God is not dead and this earth a vale of tears. God whispers to you and me, as to his children of old with accent clear and prophetic—He is the voice within the soul, and by "Loudly listening we may hear the right word." He is the voice in nature, in the flower and in the weed. His is the voice in prayer and aspiration—in every striving for the consummation of noble ideals, in the increasing love for humanity, in charity and tolerance for all human kind, and in the ever-living realization of his presence in the souls of his children.

But as Sardanapalus could not go on multiplying kingdoms, so I must not multiply this thought indefinitely, and as I shall be accorded the highest privilege of my life to meet you often for the interpretation and assimilation of these truths which were proclaimed to Emerson and which are the property of all who can receive them, I will leave you with one more thought. But before I utter that word, allow me to re-capitulate these basic principles of Emerson's philosophy—sincerity, self-reliance, individuality, affirmation of the soul and over-soul, the optimism in the universe, the miraculous in the common, the perpetuity of all life, happiness dependent on virtue and right-living, eternity here and now. And now, as to the word, which I will put in the form of an interrogation, What does Emerson do for us? First, I think, he quickens us intellectually—he stimulates our sympathies, and arouses our dormant, spiritual energies. He brings us to ourselves—he awakens our higher selves. He purifies—he ennobles—he strengthens. Being dead, he yet speaketh, and was never more alive than today when he whispers with spirit-voice words of wisdom and hope. The fitting memorial of Emerson is his works. Herein is his spirit incarnate.

Herein we may find a philosophy of life transcendent in its quality; a concentrated essence of ancient and modern thought, the more vital and helpful to us because it is that thought and wisdom metamorphosed into the life experience of one of earth's best and noblest. Every word is alive, every sentence kindled with the spirit of prophetic inspiration; and not alone does Emerson minister to our higher natures, but his word is applicable to every detail of common life and labor. And herein is his benefaction supreme. For, what we need and hope for today more than all else, is to elevate and idealize these common, humdrum lives of ours. To see beauty and harmony in the seeming discords of life; to bridge the chasm which threatens to separate the material from the spiritual, the ideal from the real. A sympathetic attitude of mind towards these basic ideas of Emerson, and a patient application of the principles he inculcates are the best means to effect such a consummation.

Faustina.

A MEDITATION.

They tell me that the wise philosophers of old taught how the souls of grasses, leaves and flowers of last year's fields and woods are not dead but risen; that these wandering ghosts from trees and plants again turn earthward to woo the crumbling rocks and panting mould, whispering sweet love-words to the souls of earth's throbbing atoms, drawing them higher for spring-time nuptials and new life to be. 'Tis nature's way: so the forest trees, the seeds and springing grasses arise, the cowslips and anemones, and all the sun-born children of meadows and wood.

'Tis a beautiful dream, this marriage of lower and higher, of seen and unseen, that

more and better life may arise, but quite too great a thought for my little mind to grasp in full. And yet, methinks, I too discern such nature and such soul rising and transforming through me.

I think the sunshine that flooded Italy's fields and gardens, nestling into life through swelling bud and purpling grape, singing in the mountain brooks, blossoming in the meadow flowers, was born full-orbed in me they called Faustina, the joyful and beautiful. The splendor and power of Rome's far-reaching empire touched and thrilled me while babe unborn, as heritage of awful fate and glorious fortune. Its loves and its passions nurtured and moulded me in every heart-beat and brain throb; yet was I not content, for something within me, even me, hungered and reached for a higher. Thus my soul, given to the world idols on one side, in immortal hunger and striving called and reached for the gods on the other.

One day from out the city's crowd of vanity and drunkenness, I saw and knew my soul's true lord and master, Aurelius, emperor to be. In his calm, sweet face virtue ruled passion. From his pure lips fell heaven's divine voice calling. Through his eyes, of this poor life wearied, looked a moment love's longing upon me. In mingled awe and exultation I seemed upward drawn, as standing with him in the cold grand beauty and triumph of his life. One moment, and then I turned, again, creeping earthward, chilled and scared by such heaven of stoic light and holiness, to bask in earth's sunshine with the world's vain dolls and toys of sense. Ah me! still the world-child Faustina.

They said that I must be his wife, Rome's proud empress. I, Faustina, wed such awful greatness, and unsullied soul of peace! I could perchance reign queen of Rome in her worldliness, but how be mate for him who seemed as one of the gods from heaven descended? Half drawn to him, half repelled, I became his wife, all ignorant and careless of the immortal meaning and purpose of wifehood.

* * *

I look backward through many fading centuries upon this marriage birth of Aurelius and Faustina. He the calm stoic saint, grand in virtue, to heaven soul-loyal. She selfish, impetuous, rich and strong in world-loving, —what marriage bond between such diversities of life?

While in innermost soul I worshiped him with love's high reverence and aspiration that climbs toward God, at times I shunned his purity and his greatness, and stole from his saintly love as a child, wearied and sick of pious games and angel faces, cries for her paper dolls and coarse-scrawled pictures; and yet somehow the gods who rule in human state did more and more constrain us through some eternal bond transcending flesh and sense.

I learned through some finer touch or inward sense of souls, that while he stood and moved so far above my puny self, still in my careless child-way, somehow, I had gained a part of life's immortal freedom, of beauty and delight, where he was blind and weak and maimed. Through this soul's secret of his want and weakness I first discerned the eternal law and power of marriage. I have learned to know that he, in his stoic greatness and lofty calm, still felt the weariness and chill of the clear bare mountain-tops of life, with no carnal fireside of sweet, rich light and warmth, where the love and use of every bodily sense and power grow and strive together for higher transformation. My earthly beauty and joyousness fed and warmed him. Even my sometimes carelessness of the gods and heaven seemed somehow a springtime breath of freedom and delight, quickening his crucified sense and weakened hand-hold of earthly things, of joy and beauty and love in worldly ways.

Is not true marriage the upward reaching and slow perfecting of man's conscious being through signs and symbols of matter, that first serve in earthly ways, then pass in infinite transformations of soul's body and use, to ever higher and higher services of the eternal marriage of soul?

Chafing at times in such holy marriage bonds, did I slip and wander from true allegiance and wifely virtue?

As the child, nurtured and o'er-weighted with flesh and sense, wanders and falls oft-times in life's way only to rise again truer and stronger grown, so I toward allegiance and wifely virtue strove.

I have heard the echo through far-off ages of half-smothered words, "harlot, shameful."

'Tis well, O World, your judgment, your scorn and your pity! God wills they do their work for me. They hurt not now, rippling against the shores of the upper kingdom. Think you the world's blind selfish judgment, fateful, follows the soul through death's transformation; that the Magdalen's seven devils still rend her, repentant, ascended to the master's side in the unseen? The soul that in great-hearted heroic passion, out of its sins and pollutions, kneels at the feet of the master it loveth, offering life's noblest gifts of devotion, need fear no devils or damnation, though the world's sin-slips and vile clay taints be measured as evil without pardon.

Why did the gods create this world with the beauty and sweetness of sunshine, with joy of flowers and singing birds, if so be beauty, sweetness and bird song are for evil and destruction, to be shunned and crucified; surely the gods love and delight in them, else they would not have created. If the gods, why not we?

Why did the gods give me form and face of grace and of beauty, why a world so full of riches and loveliness, foods for body and senses, if love and desire and beauty are of evil and accursed? Is not beauty the heavenly fashion of the soul's earthly embodiment? Is not desire the soul's immortal hunger for more life and better, though often groping so blindly? Why not live in them, striving for them even as the gods do who created? What are the gods but children of the eternal, larger grown, still lisping, crying, stumbling and climbing toward the infinite beauty and sweetness of Being over them.

Ye gods of Rome, I do not crave your pardon or your pity, that I took your life gifts and followed you, even though at times through sinning and corruption. Long since, I have learned to know, to understand how out of its weakness, its vanity and illusions was born and grown the beauty and strength of womanhood I have attained to.

* * *

I was and am Faustina, the sinner, the earth-child, joyous and beautiful. Like your sacred Magdalen, O Christian, wanton and wandering once, yet loving much. Remember your Christ loved such. That of sinners transformed and forgiven the vast heaven of the unseen is peopled.—W. A. Cram.

The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks; so the right and wise use of spare moments contributes not a little to the building up, in good proportion with strength, a man's mind.—*The Myrtle.*

An Open Letter.

To the Trustees of the General Convention of the Universalist Church:

Gentlemen and Brethren: Believing that Universalism should stand for justice and candor in this world, as we preach that it will in the next, I beg your attention to a case in which lack of candor and lack of justice are equally pronounced. On looking over our western paper, the *Universalist*, issue of Feb. 16, and again of Feb. 23, I found the simple announcement that one of the noblest men of our ministry, one of the most perfect gentlemen, one of the finest scholars, one of the best preachers, one of the most successful pastors, has been suspended from our fellowship. I could not find in either of the issues which contained the startling announcement, nor in the issue of March 2, which followed them, any reason or excuse for this action. If the brother has been tried and found guilty on any charge whatever, the trial has been kept profoundly secret. There it stands, that Rev. A. N. Alcott, a man whom we have all delighted to honor, has been suspended from our fellowship for one year. Of what has he been guilty? We are left to imagine everything. His ministerial standing, if not his Christian character, is compromised, and then doubly compromised by the mystery in which the case is shrouded. An editorial in the *Universalist*, issue of March 2, announces that a letter from the Elgin society, Mr. Alcott's parish, has been sent to that paper, but is refused publication. Presumably that letter is either an explanation of Mr. Alcott's guilt, or a statement of his innocence; but his own parish is not allowed to speak. I can understand that an editor may be given discretion to suppress the letter of a private individual on personal matters; but we are departing a long way from the Republican system which we boast when the letter of a parish is suppressed. The case is exaggerated when the parish happens to be a large and flourishing one and when its letter concerns a matter which the editor has already made public. The case is extreme when a parish officially speaks, in regard to a stigma upon its own pastor, which the editor has repeatedly published. The editorial of March 2 insinuates most grievous things concerning the parish itself and leaves the impression that the crime for which Mr. Alcott is disfellowshipped is somehow connected with his Elgin pastorate; and yet the parish is not allowed to explain. What is the crime on which the fellowship committee of a State convention may take summary action, but of which the compromised minister's own parish is forbidden to speak? Is the editor of a denominational paper, all by himself, a Star Chamber? Have we gone back to Geneva? Are we going still further back—to Rome? Have our parishes lost the right of petition? Is the discipline of our church to be conducted secretly, its stigmatizing results published to the world, while the statements of the stigmatized are suppressed? In behalf of Mr. Alcott—a gentleman in whose integrity I have perfect faith—I make this appeal to the trustees for justice and fairness. I do this not alone for him but for the greater sake of our denominational reputation, which is a thousand times more seriously at stake than is Mr. Alcott's reputation in this high-handed proceeding. Very cordially yours,

W. S. Crowe.

Newark, N. J., March 5, 1895.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain: lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Reason and Young Men.

BY REV. REED STUART.

"He that gathereth in summer is a wise son, . . . and he that walketh uprightly walketh surely."—HEBREW PROVERBS.

In attempting to say something concerning wisdom and youth, the difficulty is encountered of finding the boundaries of the latter part of the theme. We hardly know when our boys become young men and our girls young women, nor when, another degree having been conferred, the adjective is dropped and they are known simply as men and women. Counting the number of birthdays will not decide the question satisfactorily, because some children are manly and womanly and some men and women are always childish. It will not do to generalize from a few isolated cases, but there are certain historic persons, and persons who are not known in history, who seem never to have had any childhood.

Locke came forward with the theory that there are no ideas in the newly-arrived soul. The theory can neither be proved nor disproved. It may or may not be true. But if it is true as a law, there would seem to be at least some partial exceptions to it. Ideas begin to appear in some much sooner than in others. It is a general law that the soil must come before the forest, but the forests did not all appear at the same time. So, granting that the soul is only the ground in which ideas grow, after experience has planted their germs, they do not all spring up at the same time, nor grow in the same way. In the Greek story the child Achilles betrayed himself by grasping a sword when his playmates were reaching out for toys and ornaments. When food and a crown were placed before some Egyptian children, all began to eat except Psammetichus, who, seizing the crown and placing it upon his head, proclaimed himself king. He had hunger for food, but a stronger hunger for something else—for power.

Coming much nearer, John Stuart Mill is seen reading Greek at the age of three. Goethe wrote five languages when he was five years old and wrote a play when he was nine Dr. Alexander was making a translation of Homer at six. Margaret Fuller, at the same age, was reading Latin; at eight she would read Shakespeare for a whole day without tiring. At sixteen Paschal wrote a tract on Conic Sections. Madame De Stael was deep in political philosophy at the age when girls are usually playing with dolls. At nineteen Bryant wrote Thanatopsis. On the other hand, there are many instances of persons who came upon power very late in life; to whom, as to the oak and the century plant, strength and beauty came only after long waiting. There are those, too, to whom they never come. They are always experimenting and immature and fumbling babes. So we are still left without a decisive answer to the question, when does youth begin and end?

Whether what is called consciousness is a product of sensation or an underived quality of the soul, which uses circumstances to mount to the summit of being, as the body uses the mountain top to survey the plains and valleys or the stairs of an observatory to reach a point to gain a more commanding view of the stars, need not enter into this inquiry. It is enough to say that it comes in some way. It is a kind of second birth when the cord which holds life to things is severed. In the first birth a separate career of material existence is begun. In this spiritual birth life enters upon a separate mental career. With more or less vividness we can recall a time when we began to be self-revealed. Our selfhood was established. Whether this inner revelation came from earth or sky; whether, as the scientists say, it was slowly formed by experience in this life, or, as the poets say, is the sudden rising over the horizon of this existence of a "star that hath had elsewhere its setting," we cannot tell. One thing is sure, however: in some way it comes to all. Lying back in that refulgent forenoon of life is an hour possessing a brightness which made it outshine all others then and makes it memorable now above all its companions. Back of it lies night, or an indistinct twilight. On this side of it lies stretched the long day of the soul, with its thought and action and responsibility. What befell to life beyond it we cannot tell, for memory has kept no record of it. Deep and silent roll the waves of Lethe over those early years, submerging all their hurts and healings, their tears and laughter. On this side it is not so. What has befallen life has graven its impression so deep that nothing can wear it away. The thought and action, the attempts and failures, the splendors and the glooms, the climbings toward purity and the falls toward sensual mire are all in view; and, like him of the myth, no wishes, no prayers can make them wholly forgotten. Wonderful is the history of the soul!

In a general way the beginning of consciousness, or the inner revelation of life, may mark the farther boundary of youth. Then being enters upon a higher stage of action. A new apprenticeship is begun. Another degree is conferred upon the young candidate and aspirant for mastery of the mystic rites of the strange temple of life. The youth becomes a disciple of power. Every day a new lesson is set. From learning that things are, he must learn their use. Within is force; without resistance. The youth is placed here to give a new example of the way in which the inner can gain a victory over the outer. He has learned to walk upon the earth; now he is to wrest from it food and wealth. He has learned to breathe air; now he must learn how to mould it into words of love, of eloquence, of wisdom, and make them his winged messengers. All that he sees, hears, touches he is to master and make the servants of his will. From the time that he learns the use of his senses on to the hour when gravitation and the lightning become his trained agents, and everything from the flowers to the stars lend themselves to express his meanings, he is perpetually learning the secret of dominion—that the soul is finally to put all things beneath it and find that the universe is only realized thought. Consciousness is the point of departure from sense to spirit. It is the dawn of immortality. It is what man shares with Deity.

Youth marks the arrival of personal responsibility. The child is under control of a personal will, not his own. But there comes a time when the impersonal will or the law of the universe begins to issue commands. The young man must learn the meaning of cause and effect. He must study events and learn the nature of things. The parents have taught the child that fire will burn, that water will drown, that poison will kill, and have arbitrarily guarded it against these dangers. But after a time the youth has cast off this external check and he is left free to decide his own relation to fire and water and poison. He begins to see that all penalties are natural. The crime and its punishment grow upon the same stem, and the only way to escape the one is to avoid the other. Authority is in his own bosom. What he did before from outward force, now he does from inward necessity. He must not only obey, but he must enact the law of obedience. If he violates law, he is at once the criminal at the bar and the judge on the bench; and, when the case is heard, he must pass sentence upon himself. Let him be assured, too, that there are sheriffs enough standing by to see that the sentence is executed without any mitigation or reprieve. Once the task was set for him, and he only had to perform it. Now he must not only do, but he must choose the task to be done, and with every choice incur the risk of making a mistake. Once he was told to go and where to go. Now he is a constant traveler, and must decide his road and direction. Once he obeyed the voice of another, saying: "Thou shalt." Now he waits to hear himself say: "I must." No more he fears the rod or the rebuke of teacher or parent, but often he "trembles like a guilty thing surprised" when brought face to face with his own higher self.

Blessed is that young man who, in transferring his allegiance from external to internal authority, does not pass through a period of anarchy, an interregnum of outlawry, a wild French Revolution period when passions, unrestrained, sweeping through his life like devastating flames, leave blackened ruins in their path. Happy he to whom the law without and the law within are identical; who discovers that the law imposed upon him in childhood by external authority, made operative and binding by force or by filial affection and veneration, is one with the law which now he freely chooses. How careful should all guardians of the children be to mix wisdom with all their instruction, to base their authority upon reason, so that when young manhood is reached the law will not need to be reversed or even revised, because it is the law of the universe. The young man is almost invulnerable who sees that the commands issued in the school and the home are one with those now issued from the throne of his own heart. There is no contradiction, no break anywhere in the order of things. No miracle will be wrought for him. Only by obedience to these commands can he find and fulfil his destiny. When the sun shines and the rivers roll and the trees grow, and when he does a duty and his heart glows at the sight of a courageous deed, and he gives himself in uncorrupted love, they are all obeying the law of their being—laws graven by the hand of God.

The end and aim of life is character—the enthronement of truth and virtue. How shall this end be reached? What abundant material is furnished by nature out of which the young man is to construct a noble life? Form, color, sound, motion, seasons, thought, feeling, love and laughter and longing are lying at hand for this builder. How and what shall he build? It is not surprising that those who have left those years behind them are full of solicitude for those who are now living the years of youth. We know what questions they are asking: What shall I do? How shall I succeed? What shall I believe? "Shades of the prison house close upon the growing boy."

Look into your boy's eyes some day and you will note a change. Some mysterious powers have been at work within him. A transformation finer than any known chemistry could do has been effected. The childish light has faded from his eyes. A new earnestness overspreads his face and colors

every action. A new tone is in his voice. His carriage becomes more erect. Henceforth you must meet him on a little different ground. Now he is not a child to be commanded; he is a companion to be reasoned with. You can detect in him a craving for something, he knows not what himself, but it is an appetite of the soul as real and inexorable as anything physical. Alas! you know it is for something which he never has found and which he never shall find. You dare not tell him that that hunger can never be satisfied. You pity him; but while you pity him you inwardly thank God that he has it. He is seen rejoicing in the possession of strength. The circles of his life are enlarging. You rejoice, too, in this, but you are full of solicitude. Fire and powder are perilously close together. Powers are registering their presence which, guided, will further,—unguided, will wreck,—life. Winds are behind and rocks before, and this young mariner is running aloft more sail. Who is at the helm? Is it passion or reason? When the Greek wanderer sailed past the enchanted islands he tied himself to the mast, and in a few hours he had gone past all danger. The young man must fasten himself to reason, not for a few hours, but every day of his life. The sirens are singing their songs, and if passion holds the helm he will be lost.

In a letter to a friend Lowell speaks of their college days, and how hopeful and bright everything seemed. He says: "Never were we so confident of being able to do the great things, that we never have done, as then." But that confession came long after college days were past. It is a common experience that he records. One often wonders in middle life what has become of the resolutions that he heard clothed in such fine language twenty years before. How scanty the fulfilment of those splendid promises! One can find good reasons for his own failure to make the deeds of his middle years match the intentions of his early years; but he is surprised that all his companions have similar excuses. It is doubtless right that youth can dream dreams and paint life in rich hues. Young men and maidens promise everything. For them the world seems to exist anew. Never was love or lover like theirs. Their home will shame all others. The stars in the sky, the flowers in the field, the birds in the orchard shall all exist for it, and they shall not be more constant or sweet or melodious than their love. It will transform the world. Life will never again be cheerless or solitary.

We ought not to take any of the luster away from the picture by suggesting that the fate of humanity is upon them. They will learn that in due time. There is only one gate through which youth can pass into manhood, and that is the gate of experience. How gladly would parents introduce their children into the larger field of life by some other than the way by which they came. But Nature will not have it so. We have learned, the parents say, so many things that have cost us much pain—that money must be earned before it is spent; that waste makes want, whether it is means or food or strength or time or virtue that is recklessly squandered; that the reaping is like the sowing; that vice of every kind works an irreparable hurt; that folly has the furies for attendants. "How did you learn this?" Nature asks. "By experience," answer is given. "Your children must attend the same school, then," Nature replies. Life is not a pleasure excursion. The youth must be set upon the earth. He must learn the meaning of distance and resistance. He must learn to do without some things that he wants. He must learn to bear mortification and defeat and slander. He must be cast out and learn the meaning of barrenness and scant appreciation and loneliness and failure by coming in actual contact with them.

> "The youth who hopes the prize to gain
> All arts must try and every toil sustain."

Thus says nature, speaking through human experience. But is says more than that. The young man can pass through the world amid all its mixed instrumentalities, and, if he makes reason his guide, be furthered by them all. Everything educates him who is thus guided. O young man, led by this angel, favorite of God art thou! Led by instinct, the bee roams amid the flowers through the summer days and turns what it gathers into honey. To thee is given a finer power. Guided by reason, thou canst roam over the fields of earth where the poisonous weeds and the sweet flowers grow together; and, through all the summer days of life, thou canst gather only that which can be turned into truth and strength and virtue. Whoso thus gatherethin summer is a wise son indeed.

Reason is not present in a large form in the early years. But it is equal to the life of those years. It is always present in sufficient quantity to make life noble, if only it be obeyed.

In a piece of music the motive is the smallest form of the melody. It becomes a motive by being used as a pattern for imitation. The notes which form it are arbitrary. As the piece progresses these notes are repeated again and again, until finally the whole movement and direction of the harmony are determined by them. If it is the "war motive" that commands, or the "fire motive," as often as these notes are struck the image of contending armies, or the part that fire has played from the time that Prometheus stole it from heaven until the last fire kindled upon the hearth at home, is seen by the mind of the instructed listener.

So reason may be a small part of life at its beginning. Only a few notes in the first bars of life's mysterious harmony. But they are a pattern to be imitated and repeated until finally all the other notes of the octave are subdued by them. The notes of thought and action, of love and terror, of joy and woe should all be controlled and guided by this motive called reason. In music the combination of notes is partly left to chance. The only reason for them is in the mind of the composer. Not so with a life motive. With it there can only be one combination. The young man must adopt it or his life will be a failure.

This reason must not be confused with that form of reasoning which is found in books of mental training. There it is merely the action of a major and minor premise and the conclusion drawn from them. Correct forms of thought and logical expression may be very valuable. But that reason which is to guide life safely through a forest more dense and more mysterious than that in whose tangled midst Dante found himself when midway in his mortal career, has nothing to do with those books of Whately, or Mill, or Aristotle, which point out such fallacies as "begging the question" and "undistributed middle." It is much nearer and plainer than the contents of those books. It does not require a college education to understand it. It is only another name for common sense. It moves around amid all the near and common affairs of life. All it asks is that mortals exercise some good sense in what they do. That they learn from their mistakes, and the mistakes of others, not to repeat them. When the child has learned that fire burns and declines to repeat the experiment of putting its finger in the flame a second time, it is beginning to reason. It would seem that a young man might learn from observation that he ought not to commit a vice. But if he does not learn in that way, one experience ought to be sufficient to prevent him from repeating it. He does not need to wait until he has read some book upon the subject to convict him of his folly. A young man does not need to study abstract ethics to learn that every vice in which he indulges will shear him of a part of his moral strength; that every weakness and folly he permits himself will come back to torment him; that every kind of falsity and lie which he has spoken or acted will haunt him like his shadow. A young man does not need to read all the books in a library to learn that he should not get drunk; that his language should be free from all vulgarity; that he should no more permit obscenity to live in his mind than he would permit a snake to live in his bosom; that his attitude toward women should be that of noble purity and such reverence as he would demand from his companions for his own mother and sisters. The common book of life which the youth finds open before him every day can teach all of that.

It is reported that many young men have become skeptical. It depends entirely upon the ground and extent of the skepticism whether they will be helped or hurt by it. Much of the old chemistry and geology and agriculture and theology may be doubted with a net result of benefit to him who doubts. But the report is that, with some young men, the doubt includes everything. There is not only no trinity, but there is no God of any kind. There is not only no such thing as a hell and a heaven hereafter to keep persons virtuous in this life, but there are no sanctions for virtue anywhere. There is no immortality for the soul, because there is no such thing as the soul. There is no God in heaven, and there is no good on the earth. The church is a fraud; religion is superstition; business men are all dishonest and all women are false; nobody can be trusted; everything is bad, and, *no matter if it is.*

Such skepticism can only be a calamity. It is not the result of reason. It is the result of unreason and vanity. At first it might be thought that this kind of young man is a product peculiar to this age. But it is probable that every period produces a few specimens of this kind. At least he is not a recent arrival upon the earth. He was present in the time of Plato. That philosopher said that young men sometimes thought they were reasoning when they were only destroying. They were not reasonable creatures at all; they were "more like puppy dogs, who only knew enough to tear things to pieces." That class of young men are not wise except in their own estimation. They are not of much importance while in this condition, and not much can be done for them. They can only be passed by while they are permitting their vanity to control their opinions. Time will do something for them—time, and leaving them alone.

But the young man who is in earnest will find no difficulty in carrying his reason along into religion. It will only help to confirm his great beliefs and expectations. He is never more reasonable than when he is opening his mind to receive those great truths which bear upon them the stamp of all the ages. Reason may carry one along through days when certain doctrines are doubted, but this same reason will lead him forward through that twilight into a great day of belief and action. I violate no confidence, I hope, in giving a sentence or two contained in a letter from a young person in the far west. The letter is only one among many received similar in character. After speaking of certain sentiments, the writer says:

"When reading them I feel that I am nearer the Infinite One. I was reared in an orthodox church, but gave up because I could not believe the doctrines, and became an agnostic; but now I am convinced that there is a doctrine of religion which is reasonable, lasting and sustaining. May the good work go on." Here is one whose reason has been a faithful guide because it was trusted in all earnestness and sincerity.

So all young men should be guided by reason. It is not the enemy of the romantic period of life. It justifies human love. It is not the foe of pleasure; but it separates pleasure from sin and turns it into happiness. It does not forbid wealth; but it says it must be gained honorably. It does not destroy religion; it rather makes it seem more real and more vast. It is the friend of all goodness. The young man who makes it his daily companion will escape many mistakes and follies and sins in the early years; will escape much sorrow and loss of power in the middle years; and he will move gently along through all the after years of life with a crown of peace upon his forehead woven and placed there by this blessed angel.

The Home

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Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Had prophets waited till everybody was ready, would any reform ever have occurred?

Mon.—If clay has mounted into my soul, how high shall my soul mount?

Tues.—Your amount of righteous will is your warrant.

Wed.—The prodigal came to his father when he came to himself.

Thurs.—Hope is the mind's angel-guide.

Fri.—The man reflecting becomes the child again.

Sat.—Sin has a ministry and is one of God's sharpest tools.

—*C. A. Bartol.*

The Place for a Boy.

I send him away in the morning,
When the sun is low in the east,
And he does not mind our parting,
Does not mind it in the least.
For in the school-room, I tell him,
Is the place for a boy to be,
So he says good-bye with many a smile
And he throws a kiss back to me.

But, oh! at last in the evening,
When the sun is low in the west,
I see him coming home to me,
My dearest and my best.
I forget what I say in the morning,
And I think we both agree
That in mother's lap by the fireside
Is the place for a boy to be.

—*New Orleans Chronicle.*

The Story of a Squirrel.

About a year ago a baby squirrel was found crawling helplessly at the foot of one of the great pine trees at Round Lake. He was the most fascinating bit of silvery-gray and white babyhood that could be imagined. He had a tip-tilted pink nose and a slender plume of a tail that gave no promise of the great feathery proportions it afterwards attained.

He fell into kindly keeping, and was brought up in one of the cottages, like Pip, of "Great Expectations," "by hand." When he had attained the age of four weeks, as nearly as could be ascertained, he began to eat nuts. Candy was given to him, occasionally ripe apples and other tidbits. He built a nest in the eaves of the cottage and established himself in his home. He was sent out into the woods when he was about six weeks old and learned the secret of climbing the heights of the great pine trees and leaping from bough to bough. He found where the sweetest forest nuts grew and learned all the pleasures of wild squirrel life. Nevertheless he did not desert his human friends, but came back regularly to his nest as soon as the shadows of evening began to gather. After snow came the little fellow would come into the house several times during the day, apparently for no other purpose than to warm himself by the glowing hearth-fire in the living-room. He was full of frolic on these occasions, sat by the fire and danced on the lounge, making the most picturesque little circles in the air in the progress of his play.

A ball of rubber, a spool of gay silk, almost anything, became a plaything. He played with paper napkins, and rolled them into the most absurd crinkly balls for no purpose but play. Sometimes he would disappear in the midst of his fun and return with an air of "on business bent," bringing a couple of nuts, which he would proceed to put down the back of the neck of any female friend who might be playing with him; he shunned the male shirt collar. As he never looked for these nuts again, it was supposed that he regarded them as his contribution to the support of the family, and did not consider his friends in the light of walking store-houses for his own benefit. He was very fond of candy, and showed delight whenever a box of fresh *bon-bons* was opened. He would take one and then another when they were offered to him, and would eat them with the air of a connoisseur in sweets. After this he would smooth down the lace papers around the candy-box with his deft little paws and tuck them around the remainder of the candy, watching to see the cover put on. He never attempted to take any away to "store" as he did nuts. He trusted apparently to his human friends to save the candy for him, a confidence which was often abused.

About Christmas time the little squirrel left his friends. It was mating season, and they had long known that there was another little gray squirrel in the woods to whom he took nuts. They could see him leaping (or thought they could) about in the great branches of the highest hemlocks, but apparently he had forgotten his friends. When spring came the workmen who were repairing the cottage found a little squirrel who often came about and showed an appetite for cooked dainties in their luncheon pails. On one occasion a piece of custard pie was missing, and the man looked up and saw a gray squirrel sitting under a tree with a piece of pie in his paws, eating it gravely down from the point, in human fashion, not nibbling the crust in vulgar rat-fashion style. Apprehension was felt that the little pet squirrel was the thief, but nothing more was heard of him during the summer mating season. In the fall, when the nutting season was at its height, the squirrels in the grove, owing to a partial failure of the nut crop, were unusually clamorous at the cottage doors. There came with them one little fellow who forcibly demanded entrance, instead of timidly standing off like the others. He sprang up at the door and scratched like the old pet for admittance. When he was let in he proceeded to bury nuts about the cottage in all his old places. One of the young ladies tried the effect of drumming on the lounge, a movement which the year before would invariably set him into an ecstasy of play.

He answered the signal and laid himself on his back and played in the old kittenish fashion. A squirrel's movements are so much lighter and more rapid than those of a kitten that the comparison seems inadequate. It is a thing of the wild forest, a beauty of motion born amid the waving pine needles—a grace that cannot be compared with that of any domestic thing. The little squirrel from this moment was known. In his mute, wild way he had told his story. He now comes regularly to the cottage and asks to come in. He sleeps in the pine trees, but in the cold, gray dawn he comes to the bedroom windows and flattens his nose against the pane, and pleads to be let in and have breakfast with the family.—*New York Tribune.*

What The Mule Said.

A civil engineer tells this story:

While overseeing a gang of men who, with mule teams, were hauling loads of dirt, a friend of mine—a ventriloquist—came up and stood by my side, watching the men at work.

Presently a mule, driven by a large, red-headed and fiery-tempered Irishman, balked when right in front of where my friend and I were standing. The Irishman soon lost his temper, and began to belabor the animal with his whip. Every now and then the mule would turn his head and look reproachfully at the angry Irishman, but still refused to budge.

"Now just watch the Irishman," the ventriloquist whispered in my ear.

At that moment Pat, losing all patience, gave the animal a tremendous kick in the ribs with his heavy boot.

The mule turned his head, and looking the Irishman in the face, opened his mouth—

"*Don't you do that again!*" The voice sounded as though it came direct from between the mule's parted lips.

The whip dropped from the Irishman's hand. For a moment he stared at the mule, and then, without uttering a word, he whirled about and bolted down the street as fast as his two legs could take him.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A Boy Again.

The director of one of our large corporations was in the habit of prowling around the office. One morning he happened to come across the dinner pail of the office boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home-made bread, two doughnuts, and a piece of apple pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner pail seemed to be the one he carried sixty years ago. Just then the office boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and doughnuts. "That's my dinner you're eating!" said the boy. "Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be, but it's a first-rate one for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years." "There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you won't get so good a one," and he handed the boy a five dollar bill.—*Exchange.*

AT THE Baltimore conference of the Methodist Episcopal church Bishop Andrews, of New York, said: "Dr. Parkhurst has done a great work in New York, but the trouble about it, as I see it, is that there will be a great many weaklings over the country endeavoring to imitate him."

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

At a meeting of the Council of the National Conference held at 25 Beacon street, Boston, on March 14th, it was unanimously voted to hold a meeting of the conference in Washington, D. C., October 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th of the present year. This action was taken after careful consideration had been given to a report from the secretary and treasurer who, at a previous meeting, were appointed a special committee to visit Washington and ascertain whether suitable accommodations can be found for the conference in that city under such circumstances as to give opportunity for social meetings and conferences resembling those at Saratoga, and upon what terms these can be obtained.

The committee reported that Metzerott's Music Hall has a sufficient seating capacity for our largest gatherings, and, with its large committee rooms, it affords excellent accommodations for the meetings of the conference. Its acoustic properties are good. The Council voted to enter into a contract for the use of the hall for a rental of $400.

The committee also reported that they were able to make arrangements for the accommodation of over two thousand persons at the large hotels in the city at prices ranging from $2.50 to $4.00 per day,—a reduction of from one third to one half the regular rates. Excellent accommodations can also be found in many of the large boarding houses at prices as low as two dollars per day.

On the recommendation of the committee, the Council voted to make the Arlington Hotel the conference headquarters during the meetings. This hotel, which is easy of access to the guests of all the other large hotels, most of which are in the immediate neighborhood, offers its superb accommodations for all the social gatherings of the conference, and its accommodations are even more ample than those afforded at Saratoga. The other hotels which offer a reduced rate are the Ebbitt, the Shoreham, the Riggs, Willard's and the National. Full particulars as to the rates at all these hotels, together with all other necessary information, will be given later.

After careful deliberation, the Council adopted the main features of a program for the Washington meetings which, when worked up in all its details, will assure, it is confidently believed, a very successful meeting of the conference,—one which will mark the beginning of a new era of constructive work.

D. W. MOREHOUSE,
General Secretary.

The Western Unitarian Conference.

Since the 14th of February the secretary has received the following sums from the churches named:

La Porte, Ind	$ 4 50
Kalamazoo, Mich	15 00
Eau Claire, Wis	15 00
Sterling, Ill	3 50
Wisconsin Conference	1 60

Thus far the following churches, having contributed not less than ten dollars to the conference since last May, are entitled to send delegates to the conference meeting at Chicago, May 14, 15 and 16: Boston, Mass., Unity; Chicago, Ill., All Souls; Eau Claire, Wis.; Elgin, Ill.; Hobart, Ind.; Janesville, Wis.; Kalamazoo, Mich.; Manistee, Mich.; Monmouth, Ill.; Rochester, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo., Unity; St. Paul, Minn.

Chicago, Ill.

The Chicago Political Equality League will hold its last public meeting for the season Saturday, April 6, at 2:30 p. m., at Women's Club Hall, 15 Washington street. The subject for discussion will be, "Have the Two Leading Political Parties Any Distinctive Principles? If So, What Are They?" It will be considered under three heads: "Why I am a Republican," by Mrs. Marion Foster Washburn; "Why I Am a Democrat," by Dr. Julia Holmes Smith; "Why I Am an Independent," by Mrs. Celia P. Woolley.

THE CHICAGO BRANCH of the W. W. U. C. will meet at the Third Unitarian Church, Thursday, April 4. Box lunch 12:30. At 2 o'clock papers will be read on "The Growth of the Idea of God," Miss F. L. Roberts, and "The Modern Unitarian Idea," Mrs. Lucretia Effinger. To be discussed by Miss Sadie American and Miss Juniata Stafford. All women are most cordially invited to attend.

B. C. REED, Sec.

Battle Creek, Mich

The Independent Congregational Church in this city has been listening for the last three weeks to the preaching of Rev. Mr. Geohegan, and the society is so much pleased with him that they have extended to him a call. Mr. Geohegan was a Congregational minister until a few months ago, when he resigned for the purpose of having more freedom of utterance. He was at once invited to fill the Unitarian pulpit at Beverley, Massachusetts, where he had been preaching as a Congregational minister.

Baraboo, Wis.

The people of the Free Congregational Church here have a pleasant way of giving their pastor a surprise party on his birthday with a substantial present. Rev. Mr. Douthit was fortunate enough to have a birthday recently and realized how pleasant it is to grow old among one's friends.

Boston, Mass.

The secretary of the American Unitarian Association announces that in the future it will be impossible for the Unitarian churches to get the large sums formerly asked for and obtained,—whether for college towns or any other.

Decorah, Ia.

Rev. George A. Skilling, formerly settled over the People's Association in Princeton, Illinois, preached recently for the Decorah Church, and has received a call from that society.

Eau Claire, Wis.

The church here, which Mr. Maxson founded, has been unoccupied since last summer, with the exception of one Sunday, when Rev. Mr. Niles, of Menomonie, preached in it. On March 17th, the western secretary preached for the people, and they held an informal meeting after the services and decided to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing the liberal lecturers now being sent out from Chicago under the auspices of the Liberal Congress. The first lecturer will be Mr. Underwood, who will speak for them on March 31st.

Hampshire Ill.

The liberal society, organized here a week ago last Sunday, at its meeting Sunday evening adopted as a name Christian Union Society. Among the objects of the society, as stated in the by-laws adopted last Sunday, are "the promotion of the religious, moral and intellectual standard of the community. To secure speakers, irrespective of creed, not attempting a church organization, but striving to work in the same line of thought and purpose. This society shall hold weekly meetings, every Sunday evening." Everybody is cordially invited to join the society.

Rev. James Gorton, a Universalist minister from Chicago, addressed a largely attended meeting of the society at Hathaway's Hall last Sunday evening, on "Sin and Penalty."

The meetings will be held at Hathaway's Hall every Sunday evening. Speakers of all denominations will be secured.

Indianapolis, Ind.

The Indianapolis papers report a third meeting held March 11 and resulting in the organization of the Free Church and the adoption of the following bond of union:

1. This society is not founded upon the dead and moldy past, nor limited by any teacher, prophet, book, superstition, creed, dogma, form or ceremony. It stands pledged to the principles of individual freedom in belief and religion; its fellowship is co-extensive with humanity, and it is in the deepest sense a free, progressive church. It is founded upon justice, righteousness and the good in human nature; and the realization, in the individual and in society, of the highest moral ideal of humanity; and the dissemination of the spirit of harmony, peace, benevolence, mercy, charity, reverence and love, guided by the head, heart and hand.

2. Pledged to the promotion of a universal religion, outside of, untrammeled by, and in open and avowed independence of all special creedal religions and their sects, seeking and accepting the good and true in all things, and rejecting the false wherever found.

3. Being finite, without seeking to limit, define or describe the infinite, we recognize the existence of, our duty to, and love for the

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6. Society, as now constituted, is a mass of discords, persecutions, selfishness, prejudice, pride, competition, ignorance, creeds and shams, with a fruitage of insanity, wrong, poverty and crime that are destructive of man's highest conceptions of a future existence, and should have no place with us who aspire to ideal conditions and the establishment of righteousness, love and law, accepting the perfection of all the social, moral, intellectual and religious faculties as the ultimate destiny of mankind.

7. The world is our country, and to do good our religion; therefore, we do not bare the back to the lash of oppression and unjust conditions, but proclaim the gospel of discontent and opposition to all that is wrong. The antagonistic forces now rapidly approaching each other must be prevented from clashing. The natural products and bounties of nature, life, liberty, home, competence and happiness, and equal opportunity to secure them, are the common heritage of all mankind, and can only be secured, held and enjoyed by mutual association, union and co-operation, guided by justice, love and intelligence.

8. Recognizing freedom, fellowship, love and works as evidences of character, and reason, experience and conscience as the final authority in morals and religion, we join heads, hands and hearts together for good fellowship and helpfulness, and to free ourselves and others from the cruel, unjust conditions that surround us, which are the direct results of false economic and religious systems.

9. Taking love and truth for our guide, we are more concerned with the elevation of mankind in every way, and the enfoldment of a pure, loving, helpful spirit, the kingdom of heaven at hand here and now, than with the future; for if we do our duty in this life, the future will be all we deserve or desire, as there is a balm to the weary soul in the evidences we have that earth life is a passing day, a link in eternity,—an earnest of a conscious, active, living existence hereafter.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Owing to Miss Bartlett's continued illness, the pulpit of the People's Church was filled March 3d and March 10th by Mrs. Delia A. Robb, of Jackson. March 17th, Miss Bartlett spoke on "The Story of Trilby and Its Lesson," and on March 24th, "From War to Peace." This latter service was under the auspices of the Junior Guild, which presented a peace flag to the church on that occasion.

Milwaukee, Wis.

We learn from the daily press that Rev. Henry Secrist, pastor of the First Unitarian Church here, surprised his congregation by handing in his resignation yesterday. The church society has unanimously requested Mr. Secrist to withdraw his resignation. Mr. Secrist says that his action was not on account of any difficulty between himself and the society. He has no plans for the future.

Sterling, Ill.

A most helpful and inspiring missionary meeting was held in this place Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, March 19th, 20th and 21st. Rev. A. N. Alcott preached Tuesday evening an admirable sermon on "What We Need Most in Religion." He was followed by Mr. Gould, the Western Secretary, and by Rev. Seward Baker, the new minister of the People's Church at Sterling and Rock Falls. Wednesday evening Rev. C. F. Elliott of Hinsdale gave a strong

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and suggestive address on "Our Larger Selves." He claimed that self-interest and self-love are right, but that we must stretch our "Selves" out to cover the family, the city, the nation and the world. Mr. Alcott and Mr. Gould also spoke briefly on the same subject. Thursday afternoon there was a well attended meeting at which Messrs. Alcott and Gould spoke on the work of a people's church. In the evening Mrs. Woolley, of Geneva, gave a most profound and helpful paper on "Liberty and Loyalty in Religion," comparing the two forces to attraction and repulsion in chemistry, or to the centripetal and centrifugal forces in the solar and stellar systems. The human soul was constantly pulled toward the past of its ancestry, while at the same time it was drawn away from the past toward the Infinite. There were many hopeful signs to be seen that the People's Church had come to stay. The large and steadily growing congregation and the many young people and the especially large proportion of men present, showed that the interest of the whole community had been aroused. Wise and faithful work on the part of minister and people ought to produce in a short time a self supporting church here and one that would be a great help to the entire life of these twin cities.

Sturgis, Mich.

To accomplish its end the Unitarian Society here sometimes has to work outside itself. Some of that work has borne fruit this winter in two intellectual organizations. The one is an Evolution Club started by a member of the society. Full half the members are from orthodox churches, and to most of them it appears to be a new religion of thought. Prof. Drummond's "Ascent of Man" and John Fiske's "Idea of God" have been under consideration. The other movement consists in the organization of a "Woman's Club." Although quite an old town, it has remained for Mrs. Buckley to arouse sufficient interest to start it. It promises excellent work; and will gratify the mother of woman's clubs in Michigan, Mrs. Lucinda Stone, of Kalamazoo. The spirit of the Unitarian Society here is to do all the good for the community it can under its own name; and what it cannot thus do, be willing to do under some other.

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THE MONTHLY ILLUSTRATOR, in pursuance of its announcement policy, is including articles of more general interest than heretofore. The March number contains several of these, notably one upon "Early Artistic Watches," by George F. Kunz, the gem expert; another, by Ernest Ingersoll, describes the quaint architecture and many curious customs of the Pueblo Indians; and Charles Turner tells of the scenery and legends of Killarney. All these articles are profusely and richly illustrated, as also are the articles upon certain familiar garden-flowers, by Lennie Greenlee; and C. H. A. Bjerregaard's philosophical treatment of a selected series of tropical butterflies.

The Sunday School.

The World Is Saved by the Breath of the School Children.

The Right Foundation.

We were very glad to report to the readers of THE NEW UNITY last week, that the Central Church is to establish twenty-five or fifty Sunday schools throughout the north-west. This is a move in the right direction. One good Sunday school is worth ten poor churches, as we have been preaching in UNITY for the past few years. The Sunday school lays the foundation for religion in the youthful mind, and in three cases out of four that foundation will not be shaken in later life.

It is indeed a matter of regret that these twenty-five or fifty Sunday schools are to use the orthodox methods and topics. They will teach the creation of a perfect pair, the fall, he burning bush, the ten plagues of Egypt and the Red Sea, the water from the rock and the bread from heaven, and the law given in thunder on Mount Sinai. But better this than nothing; for the child who learns this and believes it will believe that there is a Power which cares for man and which helps the good and harms the bad.

But how much better it would be if all these Sunday schools should be taught the truth about this word as science has revealed it to us. If this were done, there would be no danger of having the public schools demolish these foundations by geology, astronomy and history, and by the great new world theory of evolution. If the right foundations were laid the public schools and the Sunday schools would help each other instead of being mutually destructive, as is the case now. Religion would then be the natural result of our public school education instead of being something that only the ignorant and uneducated can accept.

Contributions to the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Since our last acknowledgment we have received the following sums:—

Helena, Mont.	$5.00
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We trust all of the schools which use our publications will feel like sending something, even though it be only a small amount.

The Study Club.

Knowledge is Power.

Topics for Thought.

The secretary of the Western Unitarian conference sent to all the ministers of the Conference a request for topics which they would like to have discussed at our coming conference. Of course, in a program of only six or eight papers, it would be impossible to avail ourselves of all the valuable suggestions that were received. Some of them we have used. Many of the others were so good that we will give them here for the benefit of the general public:

"Politics as a primary ethical study in the pulpit."

"The impossibility of moral reform without social reform."

"Private property in land a fundamental moral wrong."

"Self-preservation as an incentive to church activity and social reform."

"The relation of reason to altruism."

"The church and social reform."

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"Democracy and religion."

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"If the union of evangelical denominations could be affected on proposed lines, would it be in the interest of progress or reaction?"

"Liberty and organization."

"The true ground of unity among the sects."

"How can the higher criticism aid the growth of the moral life?"

It will be noticed that there is only one topic concerning the Bible in this whole list. The active thought of the liberal church today does not center about the Bible, but about the problems of our modern life and their solution along the lines to be pointed out by science. These are the questions which our churches need to study most, and these are just the questions for which our theological schools prepare our ministers least. All of our divinity schools spend about ten times as much effort in grappling with the question of the authorship of the Pentateuch or the Gospels as they do with the questions of social science.

Correspondence

San Francisco, Cal.

A correspondent sends us the following, which we venture to print in the absence of Mr. Jones.

"Who is Jenkin Lloyd Jones?" inquired a business man of San Francisco of one of our Unitarian ministers.

"I never heard of Mr. Jones until recently and now I hear nothing but Jenkin Lloyd Jones." Many are to be classed with the above inquirer, and, although some of us have heard Mr. Sprague speak frequently in tones of admiration of Mr. Jones, yet most of us knew of him only through Mr. Sprague, and last Sunday evening, March 10th, the large congregation which crowded the Second Unitarian Church, waited anxiously to see and hear Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of whom we knew so little, and from whom we were destined to hear so often in the following two weeks.

His subject on March 10th, was "The Contributions of Science to Religion," and as his profound and able discourse came to a close, and he gathered his papers, we gazed at each other, with joy in our eyes, that such a teacher and prophet had come among us; and as we thought of the two weeks' lectures and sermons, the time seemed all too short in which to imbibe all that we might, and should, gain from this great man. After each service, or lecture, many of our people have had the pleasure of a genial hand shake and personal words with Mr. Jones.

Monday evening, March 11th, the ladies of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Second Unitarian Church gave a reception to Mr. Jones. Most of the Unitarian ministers in the vicinity of San Francisco were present; also Rabbi Voorsanger, of the reformed Jewish church.

It is the season of flowers in California, and the large Assembly room in the church was a bower of greens and flowers. Added to the glory of the flowers, was the presence of the ministers whom Mr. Sprague had called together to say the word of welcome to Mr. Jones, the welcome that we all *felt* in our *inmost souls.*

Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Rev. Mr. Wendte, Mr.

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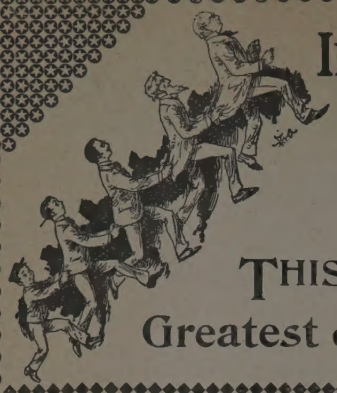

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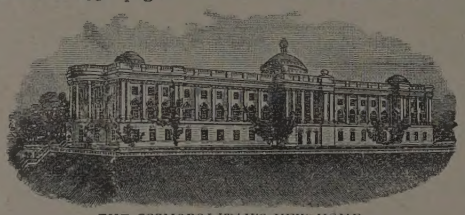

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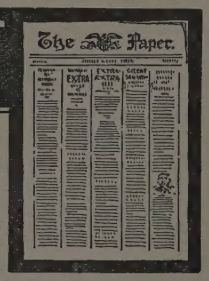

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At last Mr. Jones, obliged to hear so much praise, rose to thank us for his welcome. He gave us, in a touching manner, his heartfelt thanks for the welcome extended him, which had evidently pleased as well as touched him. Among other words he said: "I have never attended my own funeral before, and I am touched by your kindly eulogies, but you have placed upon me an added burden, the duty of trying "to live up to my most exacting epitaph."

About 10:30 the ladies served refreshments, and the rest of the evening was spent in conversation.

Tuesday evening, March 12th, Mr. Jones lectured at the Second Unitarian Church on "Marcella," drawing from the characters Mrs. Humphrey Ward has given us the most beautiful and ennobling lessons for our daily lives. The lecture was all too short, and we were sorry when it drew to a close.

Wednesday evening, March 13th, he lectured at Golden Gate Hall on "Jean Francois Millet," with stereopticon illustrations.

Thursday evening, March 14th, we had the pleasure of hearing him lecture at the Second Unitarian Church on "George Eliot" and her works, taking his characters from her best books, and drawing for us a lesson and a high ideal from each one. Mr. Jones ended thus: "A woman who has written the thoughts and given us the noble ideals that George Eliot has, *could be nothing* but a *pure, high* and *noble soul.*"

Friday evening, March 15th, at Golden Gate Hall, Mr. Jones gave a most interesting lecture on the "Cost of an Idea," and Saturday, March 16th, at 3:30 P. M., at the Second church, he lectured on "Woman's Uprising," giving us a sketch of the Woman's Parliament at Chicago, telling us what women should and must become, and holding up to us an ideal life and inspiring us to climb the described ladder.

Tonight, March 17th, at the Second Unitarian Church, Mr. Jones will speak on the "Maximum Christ." The lectures have been well attended, and the general feeling prevails that one cannot hear Mr. Jones too often; and I do not wonder that the gentleman before mentioned said, "Now I hear nothing but Jenkin Lloyd Jones," for his words are ringing in our ears, and his inspiring ideals demanding a place in our hearts and lives. There will be sorrow when next week's lectures draw to a close and we hear him no more. A prophet and teacher will go from among us, a man too large-souled and liberal to be claimed by any denomination or sect. A teacher of the people, whose teachings will remain long after his voice is silent.

M. D. M.

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The Study Table

Discipleship: The Scheme of Christianity. By the author of "The King and the Kingdom." London: Williams and Norgate, 1894. Cloth, 8vo, pp. ix-232.

He who reads the epilogue first may be tempted to throw the book aside as the product of a crude mind. Crude, however, is not the word for a mind that utters its thought in such simple, precise, crystalline English. Not that the style is wholly admirable There is a lack of "tissue," a lack of architectonic power in evolving the argument; but always a beautiful sobriety and fitness of diction, and at times, as in the passage which opens page 21, a tender and simple loveliness of speech. As for the matter of the book, an academic standard of scholarship must pronouce it most unsatisfactory. There is, however, a message in it which mocks at such a standard. The unknown author will have none of our Biblical criticism. More is the pity; for had this direct and sincere intuition been trained to appreciate and to use the methods of gospel criticism and to understand the thought of Jesus by the help of its historical setting, surely a great book would have come of this author's studies. What we actually have is a collection of the most interesting faults, and yet something which commands respect from the most dissentient student.

The author examines the gospels in the interest of a definite thesis. The "commands of Jesus were meant to be implicitly, albeit not universally obeyed." "To become realities, not visions, they must be restricted to an elect band of disciples." Absurd, indeed, to think that all men were urged to become his "followers." Such discipleship would be the "snapping of every earthly tie, the abandonment of all other duties and relationships." The world, never yet Christian, must be Christianized and saved by a saving remnant, a "separate class of disciples living, not apart from the world but in the midst of the world, in contempt of all worldly ambitions, maxims, policies, and in unfeigned, entire submission to the teaching, mind and will of Jesus." With Tolstoi to aid him, the author convinces us that we are not such disciples. Against Tolstoi, he pleads the impossibility of universal compliance. To all this we reply: Jesus summoned all to renounce the world's life, because the world was drawing to its end. The author has suggested a new process for the redemption of a world still expectant of a history, a new process although it is the resumption of the primitive Christian ideal before it philosophized itself into a refinement upon stoic ethics. Our author has penetrated to the ascetic, dualistic element in the thought of Jesus, which popular theology, Unitarian and orthodox, has explained away. At the same time he rouses the reader to discover the true significance and justification of that lost fervor of severity, in its intense apprehension of the transcendency of the moral ideal.

The Christian world dare not, like this anonymous student, dispense with historical criticism, but after the criticism it may conceivably need the guidance of just such an interpreter in using the results. Who can say but that this is Tolstoi made practicable? Who can say but that in just such curious mixtures of truth and error new currents of religion may be releasing themselves from the formalism of conventional thought? Certainly many a professed "disciple of Jesus" will read with startled attention and with searching of heart.

The wheat is to be garnered mostly in the first two sections, on Discipleship and Socialism. The rest is a fine growth of tares. He who reads a book to be blindly led had better leave this one unopened. He who ponders and weighs and readjusts will be grateful for suggestions, and his occasional smile of amusement will be kindly. The spirit that wrote the reply to a critic on page 118 is a spirit of rare quality. But it deliberately rejects the only clue to the understanding of the gospels, that of historical criticism; and all to no purpose. The thesis might still have been given probability, and a cloud of error would not have hung over the book. F. A. C.

Thoughts on Religion. By George John Romanes. Edited by Charles Gore, M. A., Canon of Westminster. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1895. Pages 184. Price, $1.25.

Prof. George John Romanes left some unfinished notes on religion which were handed, at his request, to Mr. Charles Gore, the Canon of Westminster, a friend of the late scientist and a representative of ecclesiastical dogmatism. Mr. Gore decided to publish these notes together with his own editorial comments and two unpublished essays on "The Influence of Science Upon Religion," written by Romanes in 1889, and they lie now before us bearing the title "Thoughts on Religion."

The book shows that the late scientist was possessed of an eagerness to believe, but was still unable to overcome the objections made by science. He showed, nevertheless, an increasing tendency toward belief, and we are informed by the editor, Mr. Gore, that Professor Romanes "returned to that full, deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ which he had for so many years been conscientiously compelled to forego."

Whatever opinion we may have, the book is an obvious evidence of the importance of the religious problem. An article on the late Professor Romanes' thoughts on religion, setting forth the lesson which they teach, will appear in the April number of *The Monist* from the pen of its editor, Dr. Paul Carus.

"I Am Well." The Modern Practice. Natural Suggestion, or Scientia Vitae, by C. W. Post. (Worded for Plain People.) Battle Creek, Mich: La Vita Inn Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 147.

A small volume on mental healing. Simple, clear, forcible. At times too heated for profound judgment but indeed vitalized with brightest divine truth.

While recognizing body, its organs and functions, it declares, as does modern evolution, spirit alone to be its life, and with Emerson, that thought has more thunder-bolt power than electricity itself. With *faith* to believe and rest in these great facts, we feel sure profound renewal of life to the reader may follow.

A book to arouse, strengthen and cheer (and to such we bid God speed in this thirsty world) if not wholly capable, through its prescribed treatment, of restoring to true life the man astray from the normal state of poise and health. F. H.

When Mollie Was Six. By Eliza Orne White, author of Miss Brooks, &c. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

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printed, as the works of the Riverside Press always are; and it is also well written. There are twelve short stories, one for each month, and they are all on subjects that would interest a child of six years, as we know from having tried them on such a child. But they do not seem to us to possess sufficient literary charm or insight into the child-mind to deserve a permanent place in literature, though as sketches in a periodical to be read but once they would have their place. A. W. G.

MESSAGES OF FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE. Selections for every day in the year from the sermons and writings of James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 342 pp; $1.00.

This little book will come as a comforting daily messenger not only to those who are unfamiliar with the writings of him who speaks from its pages, but even more so to those whose lives, for many years, have found inspiration from his words.

The selections are grouped under a different head for each month of the year,—Work, Prayer, etc.,—and they are arranged with that care and appreciation which comes from near and dear associations. The face of the writer greets us as we turn the first leaf, and his choicest thoughts live with us through every page. E. T. L.

"UNITED STATES INCOME TAX LAW, SIMPLIFIED FOR BUSINESS MEN," is the full title of a little handbook bound in neat covers and selling everywhere at 50 cents, being compiled and published by Mr. Ferdinand A. Wyman (131 Devonshire St.), of the Suffolk County Bar, Boston, Mass. In this little volume of 50 pages the author, who, it is said, enjoys an extensive law practice in the old Bay State, gives a concise account of the Income Tax Law as it is in operation in several foreign countries, the full text of the new United States law which came into operation on January 1st, and also a very careful digest of the same. This digest is a remarkably simple yet full interpretation of the new law, shorn of its intricacies and involved sentences; and by its aid one can, almost at a glance, understand just what must be done, and can make his return to government easily and accurately, and save much money in so doing.

IN WILD ROSE TIME. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 299 pp; $1.50.

This story of two noble little lives in the slums contains much beauty. But it is not quite true to life, and it is not, we think, so much a story for children as for their elders. It has the old-fashioned ending of the goody-goody story book, the death of the heroine in childhood; but Dilsey is a great improvement on the goody-goody child heroines of the past, and the story is bright and interesting from start to finish. Miss Douglas's style is unusually good. F. W. S.

JEAN BELIN: THE FRENCH ROBINSON CRUSOE. From the French of Alfred de Brehat. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 350 pp.: $1.50.

This story of the fortune and adventures of a brave, intelligent and true-hearted little waif, will interest the young; but we do not think that the conventional lesson it gives of the success of virtue will counterbalance the injury such books do to growing minds by reason of the false perspective they give to life. It is a sheep and goat story; there are the good characters and the bad characters; the latter being used to show off the former; and we feel that the way in which the hero's conduct is constantly contrasted with that of his less virtuous comrades cannot but conduce to an unwholesome view of life and to the cultivation of the most disagreeable trait of youth, priggishness. F. W. S.

THE NEW WORLD for March, 1895, begins the fourth year of this able review of religion, ethics and theology. These ten articles are contributed by strong writers in several religious communions, and fifty-five pages of careful book reviews sustain the high reputation of the *New World* in this field: "The Devil," by C. C. Everett; "Race Prejudice," by Maurice Bloomfield; "Oliver Wendell Holmes," by T. T. Munger; "The God of Zoroaster," by L. H. Mills; "The Truth of the Christian Religion," by Allan Menzies; "The Preaching of Phillips Brooks," by Henry G. Spaulding; "Some of Mr. Kidd's Fallacies," by James M. Whiton; "The Origins of the Religion and History of Israel," by F. Meinhold; "The Poet in an Age of Science," by Charles J. Goodwin; "The Song of the Well," by Karl Budde. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. 75 cents a number; $3.00 per year.

News has just been received from Hon. I. W. Avery, commissioner for the Cotton States and International Exposition in South America, that Chili has joined the list of the South American republics to be represented at the Exposition by a government exhibit of her resources, $10,000 in gold having been recently appropriated by Chili for that purpose. The exhibit has been placed in charge of the department of public works of Chili, which is organizing for a handsome exhibit

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The well-known advertising agency and publishing business of Herbert Booth King and Brother, which has long been one of the landmarks of lower Broadway, New York, will transfer their main office to Madison Square about March 1st, using their downtown office as a branch establishment. They will occupy the first floor of their new building, 32 East Twenty-third street, New York, which is adjacent to their Printing Establishment on Twenty-second street. Their new offices face Madison Square and are opposite the entrance to the new Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's building. They will connect with their downtown branch by telephone and pneumatic tubes, so that no time will be lost in communicating with the various newspaper establishments. With their facilities for setting up and stereotyping advertisements in their own establishment, and almost instantaneously delivering copy to the newspapers, they will be enabled to work carefully and expeditiously for their customers. A feature of their new offices will be the Art and Literary Departments where the special work of preparing advertising matter will be undertaken.

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CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street, M. H. Harris, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martine's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View, T. G. Milsted, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johonnot, Minister

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

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STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake. Minister.

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Thirteen Chapters, viz., *The Bathing, Fasting, Praying, Teaching, Rebuking, Weeping, Pilgriming, Trusting, Healing, Feasting, Parting, Dying, and Reigning Christ.*

The existence of this book is a phenomenon, more than a curiosity; and rich as a new, fresh and very suggestive study of the character and person of Christ.—*Christian Union.*

It is a stroke of genius. It contains a whole philosophy of Christianity. Jesus was an Oriental. He is only to be rightly interpreted by the Oriental mind. This fascinating book comes as a revelation of essential Christianity.—*The Critic.*

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